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The  
Bailiff's Daughter.

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# The Bailiff's Daughter

A Farce in One Act.

—BY—

R. G. M.

Correctly printed from the prompter's copy, with the cast of characters, costumes, sides of entrance and exit, relative positions of the dramatis personæ, property plots, etc.



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1896.



# The Bailiff's Daughter.

## Cast of Characters.

SILAS BADDER,	<i>An Old Bachelor.</i>
RICHARD EDEN,	<i>His Nephew, an Artist.</i>
JEDIDIAH GRABBLE,	<i>A Sentimental Grocer.</i>
TONY SMART,	<i>A Bailiff.</i>
MRS. SMART,	<i>The Bailiff's Wife—A Washerwoman.</i>
ANGELINA BADDER,	<i>Niece to SILAS—a Spinster.</i>
NELLIE SMART,	<i>The Bailiff's Daughter.</i>

## COSTUMES—MODERN.

## PROPERTIES.

SCENE I.—Umbrella. A quantity of small paper parcels. Six flat irons. Small deal-box. Pair of brass spectacles. Tin money.

SCENE II.—Fire-place with fire lighted. Dresser with drawer, T. E. L. Cradle before the fire. Round table, c. Chairs. Moulded candles. Iron hanger and flat-iron. Cloth to wipe irons on. Market-basket. Candy and mouse-trap in dresser drawer. A pound of mould candles in paper. Small bottle of medicine. Writ.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. R, means right; L, left; C, center; R. C., right of center; L. C., left of center; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; D. F., door in the flat or scene running across the back of the stage; F. E., first entrance; S. E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; F., S., or T. G., first, second or third grooves: UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the footlights.

R.                      R. C.                      C.                      L. C.                      L.

## ❖ THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER. ❖

SCENE I.—*A Street in the Outskirts of London.* Unfinished house & flat. Pawn-shop, practicable; L. flat. Time, evening. Lights half down.

*Enter* MISS ANGELINA BADDER, in walking dress, R.

Angelina. Goodness, I wish Uncle Silas would come. I ha' walked as far as I dare down the road to meet him, and it is getting so late. How kind of the dear old man to promise to make Cousin Richard marry me. Of course he will, because he is poor and depends entirely on Uncle Silas for support, besides, (*Affectedly.*) there are other and better reasons. (*Looking off L.*) Ah, here he is at last.

*Enter* SILAS BADDER, L., very wet and very muddy, with largeingham umbrella, and parcels sticking out of his pockets.

Angelina. Why, good gracious, uncle, what a mess you're in.

Badder. Eh, what? Now don't talk to me, I believe I've lost him.

Angelina. What, Cousin Richard?

Badder. No, the rabbit I'd got in my left-hand pocket. No, there he is, safe underneath the currants.

Angelina. Why, where have you been to?

Badder. Why, marketing, of course. Confound those servants, there's no trusting them, they always rob honest people.

Angelina. But how did you get so wet?

Badder. Cabs are expensive and the drivers are abusive, omnibuses are less expensive, but their conductors are more abusive, so I walked through the rain, and unfortunately a lit-

the scoundrel ran between my legs and upset me in the mud, and I smashed my umbrella over his dirty little head.

*Angelina.* Yes, yes, but what about Cousin Richard?

*Badder.* Eh, what? Oh, it's all settled, and he says he'll hang—(*ANGELINA stops his mouth*)—I mean, he'll be delighted to marry you in a month's time. (*Aside.*) He'll be obliged to do that or go to prison, for I've set the bailiffs after him.

*Angelina.* Oh, how delightful! And how happy we shall be.

*Badder.* What! you and I?

*Angelina.* No! of course not! I mean my husband and his wife. (*Aside*) Noble creature, I knew he had a heart capable of appreciating my untiring devotion. (*Aloud*) But, uncle—

*Badder.* There, there, don't bother! Go home and order me some dry things, your legs are younger than mine. (*Exit ANGELINA Badder, R.*) There's a sweet young creature to have to live with, a sweet, gushing young creature—at least, she was twenty years ago. I don't know who acted worst by me, my brother John who left me that mass of antiquated charms, with a fortune of ten thousand pounds to look after, or my brother-in-law, "poor Will Eden," as they always called him—confound his poverty—who left me his scapegrace artist of a son, Richard, to look after and keep out of debt, which I have done, and would do still if he would sign the bills and do what I want him, but he won't, he's so dreadfully headstrong and obstinate. After living fifteen years in my house, and nearly wearing my life out by her perpetual nagging she has taken it into her head to fall in love with that young scapegrace, Richard Eden, who is at least twenty-three years his junior. (*Laughs, but checks himself quickly.*) I was very nearly laughing, and very nearly getting into an infernal rage, but on second thoughts I did neither, for I saw a way to get rid of his importunities for money, and her internal chatter from morning till night, by marrying them, when he would have money, and she a home of her own. So I went up town this afternoon, saw the young scapegrace, and told him point blank that he must marry Angelina or starve in prison, and he told me—well, I won't repeat what he said—it was decidedly short, though not in the least sweet, and I nearly forgave him, he was so confoundedly obstinate—so like me, in fact! But what time is it? Hallo, where are my spectacles? Some scoundrel has taken them from me, and my best gold ones, too, what shall I do? (*Looks into pawnshop window.*) Why, here's a beautiful pair of brass ones, I dare say I could get them uncommonly cheap. I'll try. (*Exits into shop door, L.F.*)



*Enter MRS. SMART, L., carrying six flat-irons, and a small deal-box.*

*Mrs. Smart.* Oh, lord, my poor feet! I wish them as made them pavements might be stoned to death with them, and a-hurrying and a-skurrying through that there mud like a young'un of ten, which I'm past fifty, and a broken patten, and on't my washhouse shoes on, and no side to one through a corn on the left foot, and the child taken sudden with the pains through the Seville orange eaten by mistake; I being at the mangle, and Nally away at the stujio—which she goes there for an hour every day to have herself painted as ghosts and ladies and nymp's and mermaids and sich at two shillings an hour, which her face is worth every penny—and not a bit of comfort for him in the house, not even a drop of ginger-cordial, and no money through Tony being away all day, and the neighbors all that short, they couldn't lend me sixpence. So I thinks better leave the clothes alone and no ironing to-night than let that blessed child die, so I strings up the six and takes the bad one, and o' I star's for the spout, which I haven't been here for many a long ear, and I'll never come again if it's with six irons. I hope there's no 'un lookin'. Now for it. *(Going up to pawn-shop, door L.F.)*

*Re-enter SILAS BADDER from pawn-shop, door L.F.—MRS. SMART nearly knocks him over.*

*Mrs. S.* My eye, here's a go. Why who'd ha' thought to see you here, sir; you as everybody thought so rich. Well, sir, I feels for yer; for I've been at this game before times out of mind, when I was younger; and it ain't pleasant.

*Badder. (L.)* My good woman, that is, my good Mrs. Sharp, you are laboring under a delusion—I have not been into that shop to obtain a loan, but to purchase this pair of spectacles, and great trouble I have had to get them, for the fellow had the impudence to ask half-a-crown for them, but I have got them at last for two shillings, and very good ones they are, worth a pound at least, I should say. But what has brought you here, Mrs. S.? I thought you were getting plenty of washing to do.

*Mrs. S. (R.)* So I am, sir, but Tony's away on your business, and I ain't got no money, and the child's ill, and I can't get nothing for him, but p'r'aps you'd lend me a trifle, I could pay you in a day or two.

*Badder. (Hesitatingly.)* Well, I'm afraid I—that is, I fear—  
(*Consequently she crosses to R.*)—I mean to say—indeed, Mrs.  
Smart, I have nothing but ha'pence about me.

(*Exit, limping very quickly, R.*)

*Mrs. S.* Stingy old brute, I know his pockets are full of  
money. Oh, how I wish I was in that there beautiful place  
where women cease from washing, where the weary are at rest,  
and there is no more ironing to be done.

(*Exit into pawn-shop, door L.F.*)

*Enter RICHARD EDEN, L.* Seedy genteel. *He looks pale and tired,  
and enters hurriedly.*

*Eden.* I think I have put him off the scent at last, but I am  
not safe for a moment, and have not an idea where to go to;  
besides, I have only got thirty shillings in the world. Oh,  
Nelly, Nelly, who would ever have thought when I first saw  
your gentle face in my studio that you would be the source of  
so much trouble to me? and who would have thought also, that  
poor hot-tempered old Uncle Silas would ever have been so cru-  
el—he who was always so kind and good to me, and all because  
I refused to marry a woman old enough—and much too ugly—  
to be my mother. Perhaps I was foolish to talk about Nelly to  
the old gentleman, but I was so angry I hardly knew what I  
said. I wish I knew what to do.

(*Crosses to R. and thinks aside.*)

*Re-enter MRS. SMART from p.w. shop, door L.F.* *She still carries  
the iron-box.*

*Mrs. S. (L.)* Oh, that nasty, venomous, rantankerous cross-  
grained old scoundrel! fancy at last lending me sixpence on  
thirteen beautiful flat irons, and then trying to take the ball blade  
at all. Oh, if ever I go into his dirty, fusty, rat-trap of a  
place again may I be—

(*Going R. —rings against EDEN.*)

*Eden. (R.)* Why, my good woman, what is the matter?  
You seem excited.

*Mrs. S.* Excited? you'd be excited if you'd on'y rose a  
tanner on six irons. It's a dooce! shame, and that's flat.

*Eden.* Yes, flat irons, but is that all?

*Mrs. S.* All—yes, and enough too, I think, with a sick  
child at home and nothing in the house.

*Eden.* Well, if half-a-crown will help you here it is.

(*Gives it.*)

Mrs. S. (*Biting the coin to test it—Aside.*) 'Yes, that's all right, and (*Aloud.*) you're a right sort, but perhaps you can't spare it; you don't look as if your pockets were running over with money.

Eden. I am not rich, but I should not offer it to you if I did not intend you to take it.

Mrs. S. Well, you've a kind 'art, and I'm glad of the money if you lets me keep it.

Eden. Certainly; but I want you to do something for me—I want you to tell me where I can hide myself out of the way to-night, for I don't want to be seen.

Mrs. S. (*Doubtfully.*) What! are the bobbies after you? For shame, young man. You've been and gone and done what you hadn't oughtn't, have you?

Eden. (*Laughing.*) Well, no, not quite so bad as that, but the bailiffs are after me which is nearly as bad.

Mrs. S. (*Relieved.*) Oh, that's nothing. You are very welcome to come to my place, though it's not very comfortable to-day, through my washing and the boiler flue smoking a good deal; but one place is as good as another when you are down on your luck, so come along.

Eden. But where is your house?

Mrs. S. Oh, Number three Clarence lane straight down the London road.

Eden. Yes, that's all very well, but I don't care to go straight down the road.

Mrs. S. Werry well, then get into one o' them lanes on the right—you can't go far wrong. (*Takes his arm in hers.*) Clap yourself under my wing, young man, then you shall fly away with me from the bailiffs and be at rest. (*They exeunt R.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—A Kitchen. *Fireplace R.F. Door to wash-house, L.F. Door S.E.R. Window, T.E.L. Street door, S.E.L. Dresser under the window. Cradle by the fire. Table in the centre. Chairs, &c. Candles lighted.*

NELLY SMART discovered in morning at table c., and singing.

Nelly Smart.—

"I tell them they need not come wooing to me,  
For my heart, my heart is over the sea."



Dear me, I wonder what mother can have done with all the irons; this one's as rough as sand-paper. Oh, how I wish Dick was here now with all his troubles, wouldn't I take care of him; no bailiff should get near him—no, not even father. (*Goes up to dresser, and opens drawer.*) I do believe Jedidiah Grabble has been here with some more groceries. His is the newest way of making love I ever heard of—trying to gain my young affections with sugar candy, (*Eating out of drawer.*) and induce me to marry him with a patent mouse-trap. (*Shows it.*) No, even if I had never seen Dick I would have had nothing to do with such an odious little counterskipper.

(JEDIDIAH GRABBLE *heard singing false, without, at back of window, T.E.L.*)

Jedidiah Grabble.—

"Come into the garden, Maud;

For the black bat night is flown."

Nelly. (*Flinging the window open.*) If you don't stop that noise I'll send for the police.

Grabble. Oh, most beautiful of your sex, is it thurly thou spurnest the tun-ful hoifferin' of a 'art as is too nigh bastin' to speak, or to warble to you in song?

Nelly. Then I wish it couldn't sing.

Grabble. May I come in, oh most incomparable damsel?

Nelly. Oh, I suppose so. (*Aside.*) There's no help for it.

*Enter JEDIDIAH GRABBLE, at street door, S.E.L.*

Grabble. Do my eyes again revel in the luxury of beholding this galaxation of unrevealed beauty—do my ears again inhale the perfume of that melojus voice? (*Kiss.*) Thus—oh, thus let me tell my simple but arrowing tale of love to her my soul adores.

Nelly. (*Sitting at work at table, c.*) Oh, say what you like—it don't hurt me, but don't wake the baby, or there *will* be a row when mother comes back.

Grabble. (*L.*) Far be it from me to destroy the slumbers of the passive in antry, but let me reveal the secrets of my buzzum in a becoming tragedy whisper. Know then, whereas, I, Jedidiah Grabble, do earnestly desire to marry and afterwards otherwise make myself agreeable to you, Eleanor Smart, I do propose to settle the back parlor where the cheese and candles and mix biscuits and saterer is kept, together with all fixin's,



such as wax shepherdesses, and Daniel in the lion's den, and five shillings a week pocket money on you to do with as you thinks fit; moreover, you shall have a satin slip trimmed with real lace to serve the shop with, and a bright blue boinet and shawl to go to Kew with o' Sundays. There now, can you refuse allowing 'art intecetery?

*Nelly.* Well, air, Grabbie, I could manage to get on very well with all that, except one thing.

*Grabbie.* Tell me, most bewitching damsel, what is that? Tell me; my plum.

*Nelly.* Why, yourself, of course.

*Grabbie.* *(Theatrically.)* Persecution catch my soul, but I do love thee!

*Nelly.* Oh, please don't swear so; you're d'air aint to wake the baby, and if you love me as you say you do, you can do it without swearing, can't you?

*Grabbie.* I can't! *(Strike an attitude.)* Confound it! *(NELLY stops him.)* Oh, miserable man! But please reconsider your verdict! I can wait a longish of time—say ten years; we shall be a little older, certainly—but what of that, my love will be cooler!

*Nelly.* Mine is from an already.

*Grabbie.* It is? *(Strikes an attitude.)* Then I will retire and drown myself in the nearest water-butt. *(Sits down quickly in a chair—jumps up suddenly.)* Oh, Lord!

*Nelly.* What's the matter now—a needle?

*Grabbie.* No, but I've sat down on the long sixes.

*Nelly.* Why you don't mean to say you've been buying gloves?

*Grabbie.* I mean mould candles. *(Takes a parcel of candles from his pocket.)* I brought you a pound as a love token, but it is as well they're broken, for now I can present them to you as the himage of my broken 'art. *(Attitude.)*

*Nelly.* Now really, Mr. Grabbie, I think you've been talking nonsense quite long enough. I must beg you to go. *(Crosses to door, S.E.L.)* I thank you very much for your very polite offer, but I can not possibly accept it. *(Opens the door.)*

*Grabbie.* *(Wildly.)* Oh, distraction!

*(Exit, banging hat over his eyes, door S.E.L.)*

*Nelly.* *(Banging the door after him.)* To think of that odious wretch coming here after me. The idea! As if I was going to marry a little i up like him, and live in a frowsy parlor up a back street. Well, I must go on with the ironing, I suppose, if that horrid old instrument is hot again.

*(Goes up to fire again, R.F.)*

*Enter MRS. SMART, S.E.L., with medicine bottle on t. box.*

*Mrs. S. (L.)* There, I've got back again at last, wery glad of it I am. Ah, Nelly, my gal, you're back, are you? How's the child?

*Nelly. (R.)* Oh, it's fast asleep—he was crying when I first came in, but I gave him a peppermint drop, and soon quisted him.

*Mrs. S.* There now! Then I'm blest if I haven't been and spouted the irons for nothing. *(Goes to fireplace.)*

*Nelly. (Surprised.)* Spouted the irons! *(Crosses to L.)*

*Mrs. S.* Yes, this very minute. The master was away. I 'adn't got no money, and the child was took with the pains. *(Comes down R.C.)* The brute of a Jew would on'y lend me sixpence on them lovely irons, and refocused the blue, and I don't know what I'd have done if it 'adn't been for a young gemman as lent me a 'alt-a-crown, poor young feller, the bailiffs is after him, so I told him he might come 'ere for an hour or two out of the way. So just run out and buy a bit o' something for his supper. *(Gives NELLY the market basket.)* He looked hungry. *(Exit NELLY, door S.E.L.)* And now for that blessed child. *(Goes up to the cradle, R.)* Thank the pigs, it's asleep. I wish my Tony 'ud come 'ome, he'll be tired, and cross as two sticks.

*Enter RICHARD EDEN S.E.L.*

*Mrs. S.* Hallo, young man, so you've got here have you?

*Eden. (L.)* Yes, but it was touch and go. I got mixed up in those lanes till I thought I should never get clear again.

*Mrs. S. (R.)* Well, they does t'is a bit, that's true, but when one comes to know them they be a s' terrible well, and brings ye out where ye wants. *(RICHARD sits moodily, L.)* But bless us what is the matter with the lad, you hasn't got the stomach-ache, has you?

*Eden.* No, not that, but I'm very miserable. Parted from the girl I love, no friends, no home, no money, and worst of all, no work. Oh, my good woman, if I had but that girl for my wife I would leave painting, and work at anything—aye, hoe turnips in a field if need be.

*Mrs. S.* Then why don't yer go straight and tell her so. If she was worth salt, she'd marry yer straight o', and t'y and help yer, work for yer, and keep house for yer, and have

a cherry face to meet yer with, if yer came in empty handed. I'm sure our Nelly would.

*Eden.* Nelly. Her name is Nelly.

*Mrs. S.* Is it? Then I on'y hope she's as good as our'n. Why, on'y think, there's a young feller as she loves with all her 'art as wants to marry her, and she won't have him, cause she says as it 'ud spoil his prospectus, or summat o' that kind, bless her tender 'art; but here she is.

*Enter NELLY SMART, S.E.L. carrying basket.*

*Nelly.* (L.) Dick!

*Eden.* (c.) Nelly! (They embrace.)

*Mrs. S.* (R.) Why, bless my soul, I have let the cat' out of the bag. Now, look here, you two, the sooner you leaves off a makin' difficulties the better. You, young man, just stop here and help me with the mangle for three weeks, and get the bangs published, and then take and marry miss out o' hand, and make her a missus. She'll not make you a farthing the poorer, and I knows she loves you. Why, my man and I started life on a basket o' oranges, five shillin's in silver, and a debt o' twenty pounds. That's the way to make a fortune.

*Eden.* Oh, how can I thank you, now that you have given me something to live for?

*Nelly.* Dear kind old mother. (To RICHARD.) But you mustn't stay here a moment. I saw father coming down the road and if he sees you you're lost.

*Eden.* Lost! Found; you mean, don't you?

*Nelly.* Why, don't you know my father is the bailiff who is looking for you.

*Eden.* (Sinks into chair.) Tony, Smart, your father? The devil, I'm caught!

*Mrs. S.* Fiddiesticks! He must be got out of the way for a bit, till the old man's had his tea, and is in a good temper, then I'll square the beadle!

*Tony Smart.* (Without, S.E.L.) Good night, neighbor, I sha'n't come down to the Crown this evening.

*Nelly.* Oh, there he is, here get in here; it's very dark and rather cold, but it won't be for long. (Exit RICHARD L.F.)

*Enter TONY SMART, S.E.L.*

*Tony.* Well, old lass, how goes it, (Crosses to c., and shakes hands with MRS. SMART.) Come, Nelly, give us a kiss. (Kiss.)



es her.) Well, missus, I've had a long job and all for nothin'. Either I'm a gettin' werry old or folks is gettin' werry cute, for that there young 'un has given me the slip to-day reg'lar, and I can't make out where he's stowed himself. I don't half like the job, for every where as I asked about him they were a l werry sorry for him, and said he was a good sort, so I couldn't get no informashin. And that there old Badder is a right bad sort to my thought and has reg'lar crabbed the lad. But I'll nab him to-morrow if he's in London.

Mrs. S. (R.). And that'll be the unnaturalist thing as ever you did, Anthony Smart, goin' a nabbin' yer own son.

Tony. (C., *aghast*.) Nabbin' my own son! What the devil are you talkin' about, you old fool?

Mrs. S. Fool yourself, you idiot! Now listen here, that there young man's in love with our Nelly, and I intends as he shall have her. Them two is going to be spliced into one!

Tony. Easy does it, old woman. What does Nelly say? Eh!

Nelly. (LW.) Oh, father, I would have married him long ago when he was better off, only I was afraid that I should not have made a fitting wife for him, but now that he is poor I know that I can ease his poverty by sharing it with him.

Tony. Ah! very good stuff to live upon, I should say. But there, (*Throws spit in the fire.*) old Badder may do what he likes, growl away till he's sick if he choose, but if I nab my o' n son, why blow me tight! (*Smashes his hat on his head.*) There!

Nelly. (*Going up L., and calling.*) Richard, Richard! you may come out! Richard!

Enter RICHARD EDEN, L.F.

Tony. (R.C.) Hullo, confound it. I didn't know he was here.

Mrs. S. (R.) But he is though, ain't he, Nell?

Eden. (L.C.) Thanks to Mrs. Smart, I have managed to keep out of your clutches, but I had several narrow escapes.

Tony. Here's my hand, young man. (*They shake hands.*) I've been looking arter your interests werry careful for some time, and I won't drop it now. You needn't starve, for me and the missus ain't rich, but we're got a little summa laid up against a rainy day, and we'll take you in and do for you till you gets a bit of a place of yer own, and some house-paintin' or summat to do.



*Eden.* Oh, I'll work, and if you'd trust your daughter to me I am sure you will never regret it.

*Nelly.* (*At window, E.*) Why, here comes Miss Badder! What can have brought that old woman down here at this time of night?

*Eden.* I think it would be as well for me not to meet Miss Badder here, as she would be sure to let Uncle Silas know of my whereabouts.

*Tony.* True for you—you had better retire to the washus and study the 'abiss' of black beetles again for a spell. (*Exit RICHARD, L.F.*) But I do es that old party ain't a going to bless us with her com any for a werry prolonged period, or I shall retire to the Crown.

*Enter MISS ANGELINA BADDER, at street door, S.E.L.*

*Angelina.* (*Comes to L.C.*) Don't let me disturb you, good people. Ah, Mr. Smart. It is not often I see you—I hope you are doing well—getting on in business.

*Tony.* (*Sulkily.*) P. my well, thank ye num—there is plenty o' blackguards to find me in work. (*Aside.*) Take that, you old humbug.

*Angelina.* (*To NELLY.*) Ah, Eleanor, so I hear you have taken to sitting as model to artists. For my part I should think it must be very unpleasant.

*Tony.* (*Aside.*) Yes, for the artist you sat to.

*Angelina.* But I am forgetting what I came here for. Mrs. Smart, I want you to wash and bleach, all my fine linen, which has been laying by for some time; it has got as yellow as parchment, and is not fit to be seen, and I also want you to find out where I can get some lace cleaned.

*Mrs. S.* Certainly, mum, but when would you want it by?

*Angelina.* Oh, directly. I am going to be married. (*General titter.*) Well, is there anything so very extraordinary about that, that you should all laugh it as a pack of fools?

*Mrs. S.* Certainly not, mum, quite natural. (*Aside.*) Oh, Lord, I shall but! But might I ask, mum, without being rude, who is to be the happy man?

*Angelina.* Of course, the young man, Richard Eden. (*General laugh—TONY SMART, says—Mrs. SMART pats him on the back.*) Why, Mr. Smart, you're a positive fool.

*Tony.* (*Laughing.*) Beg a pardon, mum, but it ain't possible, for the young gentleman ought to be in jail by this time; there's a writ out agin him. (*Goes toward window, S.E.L.*

*Angelina.* (*Preparing to faint.*) Oh, Mrs. Smart catch me.

*Mrs. S.* Not if I knows it. (*ANGELINA recovers.*)

*Angelina.* (R.C.) Oh, what am I to do? where shall I go? what will become of me?

*Tony.* (*At window, T.E.L.*) Why, you'd better go home with your uncle, who is just coming down the lane.

*Angelina.* Oh, where can I hide myself. It would never do for him to find me here.

*Mrs. S.* (*Aside.*) Pretty timid creature. (*Aloud.*) You can go into the next room if you like, miss.

*Angelina.* Oh, thank you, thank you.

(*Exit S.E.R.—MRS. SMART retires up ready to come down L.*)

*Enter SILAS BADDER, S.E.L. ANGELINA and RICHARD appear at doors S.E.R. and L.F.*

*Badder.* (C.) Good evening all. Well, Tony, what news?

*Tony.* (L., *hesitatingly.*) Well, sir, it ain't much. In fact, sir, I'm sick o' the job.

*Badder.* Sick of the job, nonsense, what do you mean? He must be found.

*Eden.* (*Aside.*) Ugh, you old monster! (*Sh. ches his fist.*)

*Tony.* Well, sir, I means what I says, but I think Nell can explain best what I means.

*Nelly.* (*Comes down, L.C.*) Oh, sir, hear me, when your nephew was better off I used to sit to him as a model. After a time he made me offers of marriage, and I refused him, though I loved him, because I thought, uneducated as I was, I should be a disgrace to him, but now that he is poor, he has repeated his offer and I have accepted him, well knowing that I understood poverty better than he, and could help him on his weary way. Oh, sir, I do not ask for money, I only ask for pity; do not be harsh with him, give him time and he shall pay you all, even though we both starve for it.

*Eden.* (*At door L.F., aside.*) My guardian angel.

*Angelina.* (*At door S.E.R., aside.*) Oh, I should like to scratch her eyes out, the little impudent wretch.

*Badder.* (*Aside.*) By jove, she's devilish pretty. (*Aloud.*) Well, my dear, you need not excite yourself, I am sure he will pay me—but Tony must find him for all that, for I have just got a telegraph saying that he has come into a property of ten thousand a year by the death of his relative, old Tom Eden, who died intestate, instead of leaving his money to charities, the old wretch! (*Aside.*) Thank heaven I have got rid of bur-

den number one, but number two still remains as heavy as ever. (To NELLY.) At any rate, allow me an uncle's privilege.  
(Kisses her.)

Enter RICAARD EDEN, L.F., and MISS ANGELINA BADDER S.E.A.

Badder. Hullo! why here's the pair of them!

Angelina. (Crosses to R.C.) You deceptive old wretch—what am I to do, pray?

Tony. (L.) Yo! You'd better go home to bed.

Eden. (L.C.) Uncle, let us mutually forgive and forget. I hope I have your sanction to marry her who so lately pleaded my cause so well.

Badder. (R.C.) Bless you, my children, bless you, bless you.

Angelina. (Tragically.) Oh, cruel fate—what is to become of me?

Enter JEDIDIAH GRABBLE, suddenly, S.E.L.

Grabble. (L.) I have come back to repeat my offer, for the last time.

Tony. Too late, too late! The young lady is previously engaged.

Grabble. Then will I return to the depths of the repulsive waterbutt.

Badder. Stay, stay, young man. (Thoughtfully—pointing to ANGELINA, R.C.) Look at that sorrowful-looking young person. Do you think you could marry her.

Grabble. What, that very ancient lot! No, not for Joseph!

Badder. She has a sweet temper.

Grabble. She's fifty if she's a day.

Badder. She's very economical.

Grabble. She's the color of coffee.

Badder. She's an excellent manager.

Grabble. She's a very bad walker.

Badder. (Impressively.) She's got ten thousand pounds.

Grabble. Ten thousand pounds! No flam, you knew; no Pennsylvania bonds.

Badder. No. All Government security.

Grabble. By jove, then I'll go in for her at once. (Crosses to A., and proposes to ANGELINA in an extravagant pantomime—is accepted.) Oh, bliss!

Badder. Well, I think I have got rid of my two burdens at



rest, and can go home to a peaceful house at last. There is only one thing left to do. Dick, your men about to marry are always expected to speechify, just make a neat and appropriate address to our kind friends in front.

*Eden.* Oh, I couldn't possibly; I never made a speech in my life.

*Nelly.* (c.) Ah, I see how it is, I must help you out of this difficulty also. (To the audience.) We have come to the end of this our foolish story, please to grant this one request—that is, a kind thought and a good word for “THE BAILIFF’S DAUGHTER.”

### Disposition of Characters.

NELLY.

BADDER C. EDEN.

ANGELINA.

MRS. SMART.

GRABBLE.

E.C.

L.C.

SMART.

CURTAIN.

L.









